

June 4
1925

Life

Price
15 cents

Commencement
Number



The Final Examination

This June-time Gift Will Inspire Your Friends to Write You

It's as if made to order for

Graduation
Weddings
Sailings
Parties
Birthdays



Lady Duofold Duette, Gift Box included, \$8
Lady Duofold Pen, \$5; Pencil, \$3

Over-size Duofold Duette, Gift Box included, \$11
Over-size Duofold Pen, \$7; Pencil \$4

Duofold Jr. Duette, Gift Box included, \$8.50
Duofold Jr. Pen, \$5; Pencil, \$3.50

Duofold Pen and Duofold Pencil— the New Duette *in Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe*

AS a Gift of Greeting or of Going-Away, what present affords your friends as much every-day utility, or serves as such a subtle invitation to write, while furnishing them the urge to dash off those gossip letters that you like the postman to bring.

For this Parker writing team has won the heart of the world—balanced, symmetrical, handsomer than gold. And the Chinese lacquer-red color makes them hard to mislay.

Pencil Now Over-size Too

Our Lady Duofold Pencil is still of smaller girth to fit slim fingers. But the Duofold Jr. and "Big Brother" Duofold Pencils are both now built Over-size—the "Big Brother" largest of all three.

For men learned from the Duofold Pen

how an Over-size Barrel affords a full-handed grip that abolishes finger cramp, and relaxes hand and brain.

All three Duofold Pencils have the Parker Non-Clog Propeller that turns the lead both OUT for writing and IN for carrying. Thus the lead can't snap off in the pocket or the hand-bag, or mark up the contents of either.

Pen has the super-smooth Duofold Point, guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear.

An Ink-Tight Pen on account of the Inner-Sleeve of the Duo-Sleeve Cap which forms a leak-proof seal. And no exposed filler—just a Button to Press, and it's capped inside the barrel—out of sight—out of harm's way.

Look at the pictures—note the prices below them. Then stop at the first pen counter and pick out your Duofold June Gifts.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK, CHICAGO • THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA • SAN FRANCISCO
THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

Red and
Black Color
Combination
Reg. Trade
Mark U. S.
Pat. Office

Parker LUCKY CURVE
Duofold Duette
Pen has 25 Year Point Pencil turns lead OUT and IN



Duofold Jr.
Over-size Pencil
\$3.50

Duofold Jr.
\$5

24 YEARS OF FINE CAR BUILDING



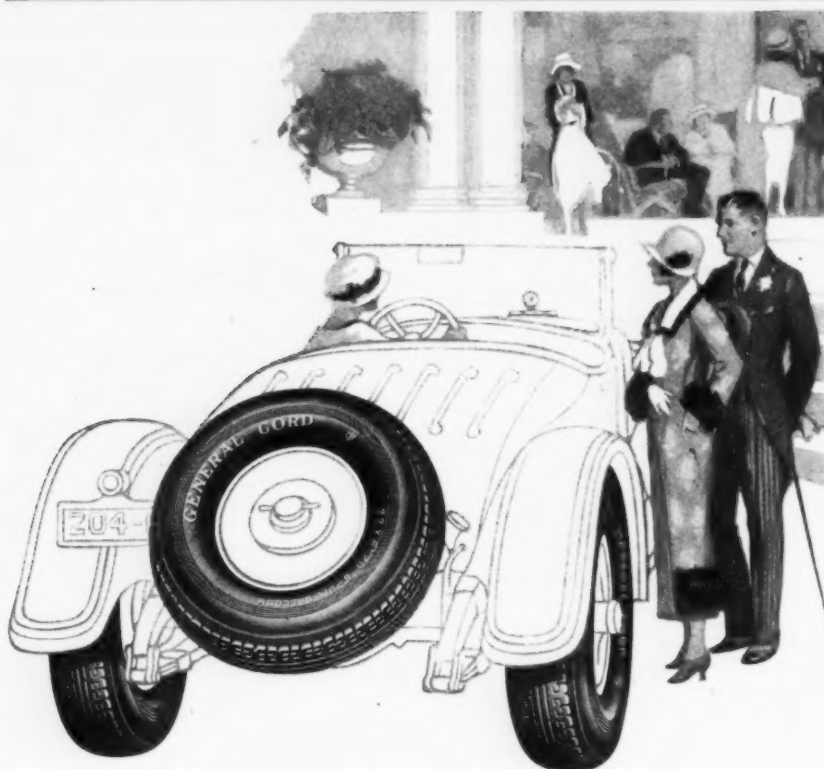
A FAMILIAR FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS

"*There goes another New Marmon*" is the comment of today. To the prestige of Marmon engineering has been added the prestige of new artistry in lines and colors. People have singled out the New Marmon as the most beautiful car of the year. The whole country says, "*It's a Great Automobile.*"

Only \$130 more than the open car—New Marmon Standard Closed Cars. Not "coaches," but genuine, full-fledged closed cars with four (4) doors, mounted on the famous Marmon 6-cylinder chassis of 136-inch wheelbase. Also—New Marmon De Luxe Models, permitting intimate expression of personal tastes.

Open Cars, \$3165. Closed Cars, \$3295 to \$3975 • • All prices f. o. b. Indianapolis, exclusive of tax

The NEW MARMON



6-Ply Balloon

General's 4-ply Balloon is the practical equipment for the smaller cars. For the heavier cars the 6-ply Balloon has greater thickness to carry the load and still allows the full flexing action over obstructions. At the same time, it reduces balloon puncture risk to a minimum.

General's 6-ply Balloon consumes no more power than the average 4-ply balloon, because General's greater freedom from internal friction always means power and gasoline saving.

Back of the 6-ply General Balloon is the long-standing experience that has been responsible for General's singular success with low pressure—in all Regular Sizes as well as Balloon Cords, both 4-ply and 6-ply.

Talk with the General dealer in your city. He will be glad to explain fully the advantages of the 6-ply General Balloon and discuss with you the proper equipment for your car.

The Mark
of Leading
Tire Stores
Everywhere



The
GENERAL
CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

Class Prophecy

It seemed I fell brooding into a deep dream

And the future unfolded with many a gleam,

For all the good fellows that every one knew

Would be loyal forever to dear old State U.

Pete Atkins, who led us so oft to defeat,
Had gone to New York to sell bonds in the Street.

Our jolly Bill Bryan I saw through the mist

Out calling on bond buyers on his firm's list.

Joe Cooke and Hank Dory were rich beyond dream:

They both had cashed in on a bond-selling scheme.

Ray Edwards, Ned Fletcher, Art Graham as well

Reported the bond market holding up swell.

Fred Higgins, George Isling, Tom Jacquart and Bob

Karvelt were right onto their bond-selling job.

Then who should I see in his own limousine

But old Larry Lawrence! His eyes were still keen,

For he and Ed Maury were big financiers,

And at marketing bonds they were held without peers.

Tom Nelson, Roy Olson, Bill Peters, Jack Quedge

Were pushing an issue they said was gilt-edge.

Next came Richard Samson, who was teamed with Pat Wise,

And the way they could sell bonds would open your eyes.

So this was my dream which I know will come true

For all my old classmates at dear old State U.

J. K. M.

The House Divided

He Says

THE quality I owe my business success to is my memory. I can carry an entire page of figures in my head. I never forget a name or a face. I can remember prices to a quarter of a cent for ten years back. A remarkable memory, if I say so myself.

She Says

I hope he doesn't forget that I put that thread through his buttonhole so he wouldn't forget to bring along a pound of butter on his way home.

D. B.

THE most tragic period in the life of the young male is that when he is neither young enough nor old enough to wear knickers.

SPONSORED BY HARGRAFT



Since 1860: Leeds, England



WHAT a summer pal!—a Ben Wade pipe. Sweet, smooth and mellow from the first day on; no bitter, biting, “breaking in.” Made for you in England by the Ben Wade family, who have guarded their processes of pipe-making through four generations—and you can taste the difference in every puff. Ask to see them at your nearest tobacco shop. If you can’t be supplied, write to Hargraft & Sons for a catalog, showing the 72 shapes.

And have you tried Ben Wade tobacco—blended in England of the best Virginia tobaccos.



Life

IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

THESE suggestions are offered primarily for college men and women, but they should be noted by every one who possesses, or even hopes to cultivate, a single spark of humor.

LIFE is looking for contributors.

That may sound like an insincere statement. Magazine editors are usually supposed to be surly fellows who run after subscribers, and away from contributors.

Nevertheless, we mean precisely what we say.

LIFE has always depended upon the undiscovered humorist for its best material. It has never tried to buy prominent "names"; it has developed its own reputations. It has picked writers and artists from obscurity, and has helped them up the first (and most difficult) steps to fame.

For instance: one day, thirty years ago, a young Princeton graduate sent some jokes to LIFE. One of them was bought, and a check for \$2.00 was forwarded to the lucky author. That was the first money that Booth Tarkington ever earned.

SPECIAL OFFER

LIFE
598 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE
for Ten Weeks, for
which I enclose One
Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20;
Foreign, \$1.40).

380

By the Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

Many subsequently celebrated writers and artists turned first to LIFE for encouragement, including Charles Dana Gibson, Wallace Irwin, Rupert Hughes, James Montgomery Flagg and Coles Phillips. All of them came to LIFE unheralded, and found there the recognition that they needed and deserved.

IT is essential that LIFE's point of view be perpetually fresh, buoyant and spontaneous. These qualities can not be manufactured. They must be derived from the source.

That is why LIFE expects every collegiate humorist to do his or her duty. There is an open door at LIFE, and a reception committee which is always ready to welcome new ideas.

AS there is no conceivable reason why a contributor should not also be a subscriber, the usual formal coupon appears on this page.

But remember—when we ask you to *Obey That Impulse*, we are not only suggesting that you sign on the dotted line; we are reminding you that LIFE is the official mouthpiece of American humor, and if you have anything funny to say, here is your chance to say it.

There are several special numbers on schedule: GOLF, ECONOMY, OLD HOME WEEK, GO-GETTERS, MOVIE, FICTION and FEMININE NUMBERS included. Material of all kinds is desired for these.



WHEN a man decides to smoke a better cigarette his choice is invariably Melachrino.



Plain
Cork or
Straw Tips

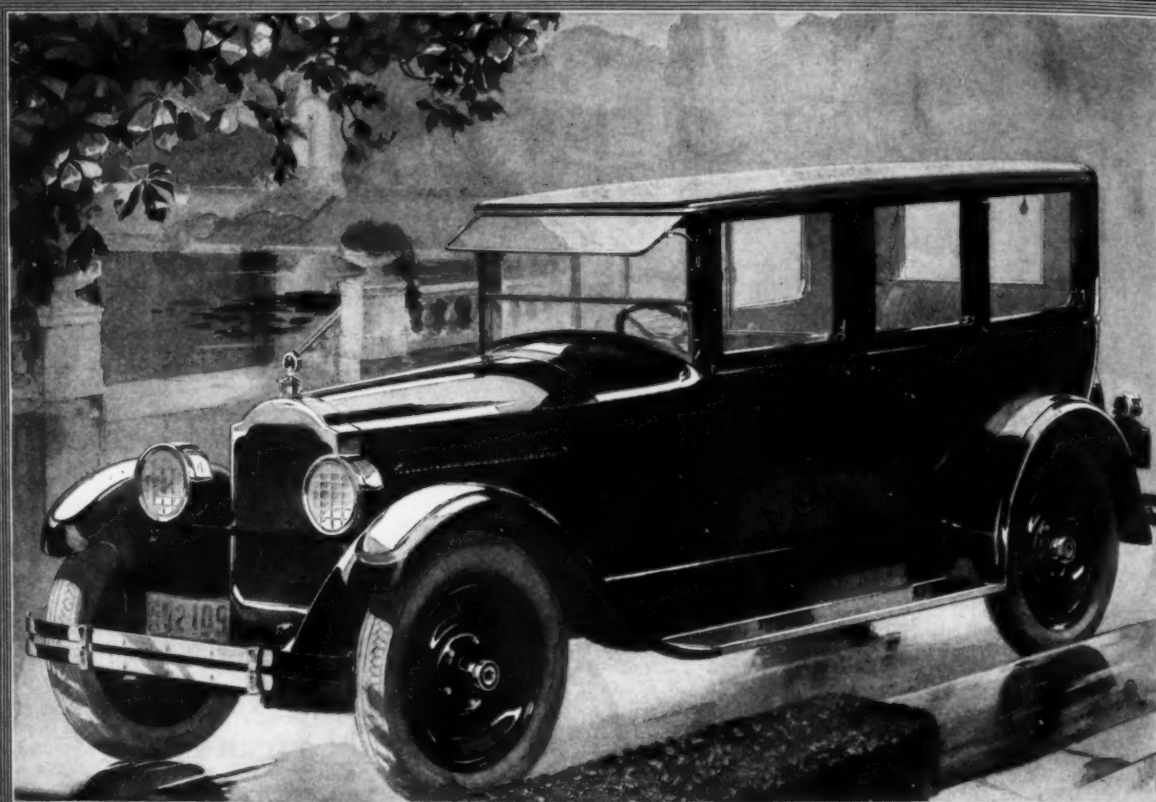


ORIGINAL

MELACHRINO

"The one cigarette sold the world over"

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD



THE PACKARD SIX SEVEN-PASSENGER SEDAN LIMOUSINE IS ILLUSTRATED—\$2885 AT DETROIT

PRECISION IS PROTECTED

In Packard cars precision is fully protected throughout the life of the car.

However finely built no car can remain precision-built in the hands of the average owner unless it is lubricated regularly and completely.

And, so long as motor car lubrication entails drudgery or the giving up of the car at inconvenient times, cars will not be lubricated.

Which means, precision destroyed and

then, the opening of pocketbooks.

There is no drudgery or uncertainty in the lubrication of Packard cars.

In the chassis—the pull of a plunger, a second of time, and oil is on the way to the 45 points requiring regular attention.

In the motor—the oil rectifier, automatic in action, insures that every drop of oil remains pure oil.

The result—long life of parts, quietness of operation, peace of mind for the owner.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. A liberal monthly payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard, purchasing out of income instead of capital.

P A C K A R D

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

LIFE

Recommencement

If I could graduate again, my dear,
And all the now could lapse into the then,
And I could bud once more and shed the sere
And yellow leaf and live in spring again;

If you and I could walk beneath the elms
And dream along the thousand-lanterned light,
Out of the campus through the fancied realms
Of endless future vistaed in the night;

If I could go with you to prom and hop
And have you on my mind the livelong day
And dance and dance with you and never stop
And buy you roses all along the way;

If I could hear your voice amid the cheer
That greets the solemn march of gowned scholars...
If I could graduate again, my dear,
I wouldn't do it for a million dollars.

Roger Burlingame.



DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS



"THE DOCTOR TOLD ME THAT CIGARETTES WERE SLOW POISON."
"WELL—I'M IN NO HURRY."

Valedictory

ALMA Mater, hail!

Four years ago, an awkward yokel—to-day, a bond salesman in Wall Street (or maybe an assistant in Dad's factory).

Four years ago, a hick, tongue-tied, unskilled in social graces—to-day, a man of the world, schooled in petting, glib of speech, a wise-cracker.

Four years ago, a novice at drinking, ignorant of the finer products of the bootlegger—to-day, a connoisseur, a man of parts, and handy at mixing them.

Four years ago, a barbarian, thinking all Greeks restaurant owners—to-day, a Brother, apt at the "grip," swift with the password.

Four years ago, husky but clumsy—to-day, an All-American (net value in the bond business, \$376,000).

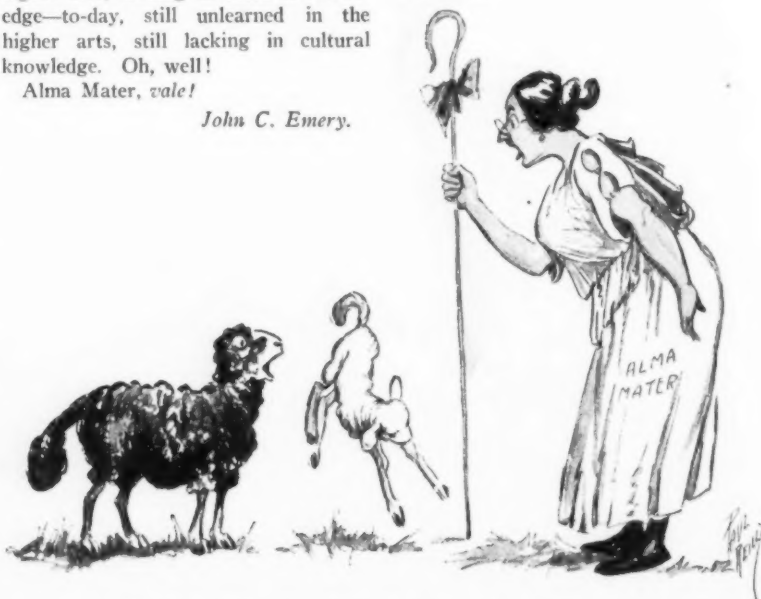
Four years ago, slow-footed in the dance, a treader on feminine ankles—to-day, a dance-floor ball of fire, a mean stepper....

Four years ago, unlearned in the

higher arts, lacking in cultural knowledge—to-day, still unlearned in the higher arts, still lacking in cultural knowledge. Oh, well!

Alma Mater, vale!

John C. Emery.



Black Sheep: I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A DIPLOMA

Lines in a Stenog's Notebook

GENTLEMEN: We have yours of the twenty-fourth instant—"I never noticed before what a beautiful wave you have in your hair."

—And in reply would say—"Pictorially you're a tremendous asset to my office. I hope you never leave."

—Will you please hurry the shipment—"I guess you have loads of fellows to choose from. Any guy with red blood in his veins would be crazy not to fall for you. If I had seen you five years ago—"

—And if it is not received by Wednesday—"Don't take dictation so fast, it just ruins my day."

—We will have to cancel the order—"Gee, you look cute to-day. You have the knack of being able to wear almost anything and to look perfectly stunning in it."

—Trusting to hear from you soon—"Gosh, if I had some one like you waiting for me at home, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men could make me attend a board of directors' meeting in the evening."

Della D. Landau.

A Sure Way

"DOES your budget help you to save any money?"

"Certainly. By the time we get it balanced each evening it's too late to go anywhere."

Cell-Formations and Their Work

By Robert Benchley

IT is only recently that science has found out the exact structure of the tiny cell-formations which go to make up life. Only yesterday, in fact.

Every higher animal starts life as a single cell. This much is obvious. Look at the rainbow. Look at the formation of frost on the window-pane. Don't look now. Wait a minute.... Now look.

This cell measures no more than $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter at first, but you mustn't be discouraged. It looks like nothing at all, even under the strongest microscope, and, before we knew just how important they were, they were often thrown away. We now know that if it were not for these tiny, tiny cells, we should none of us be here to-day. This may or may not be a recommendation for the cells.

SHORTLY after the cell decides to go ahead with the thing, it gets lonely and divides itself up into three similar cells, just for company's sake and to have some one to talk to. They soon find out that they aren't particularly congenial, so they keep on dividing themselves up into other cells until there is a regular mob of them. Then they elect an entertainment committee and give a show.

After the show, there is a fight, and the thing breaks up into different cliques or groups. One group think they are white corpuscles or phagocytes. Others go around saying that they are red corpuscles and to hell with the white. These red boys are shot full of something called haemoglobin which makes their eyes bright. It's bad for them, though. Ugh, you wouldn't like it either!

The other groups of cells devote themselves to music, æsthetic dancing, and the formation of starch which goes into dress-shirts. They are all

very happy and very busy, and it's nobody's business *what* they do when they aren't working. We certainly are not going to snoop into that here.

WE must take up, however, the work of the brain-cells, as it is in the brain that the average man of to-day does his thinking. (Aha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!)

Oh, let's *not* take up the brain-cells. You know as much about them as anybody does, and what's the use anyway? Suppose you *do* learn something to-day. You're likely to die to-morrow, and there you are.

And we *must* go into the question of

Now when it comes to reproduction, you have to look out. In the cuttlefish, for example, there is what is known as "greesion" or budding. The organism as a whole remains unaltered, except that one small portion of it breaks off and goes into business for itself. This, of course, makes a very pretty picture, but gets nowhere. In the case of multicellular animals, like the orange, it results in a frightful confusion.

WE should have said that there are two classes of animals, unicellular and multicellular. From the unicellular group we get our coal, iron, wheat and ice, and from the multicellular our salt, pepper, chutney and that beautiful silk dress which milady wears so proudly. Woolen and leather goods we import.

You will see then that by grafting a piece of one species on another species, you can mix the cells and have all kinds of fun. Winkler, in 1902, grafted a piece of *Solanum* (the genus to which the potato belongs) onto a stock of another kind, and then, after the union had been established, cut the stem across, just at the point of junction. The bud was formed of the intermingled tissues of the

two species and was most peculiar-looking.

Winkler was arrested.

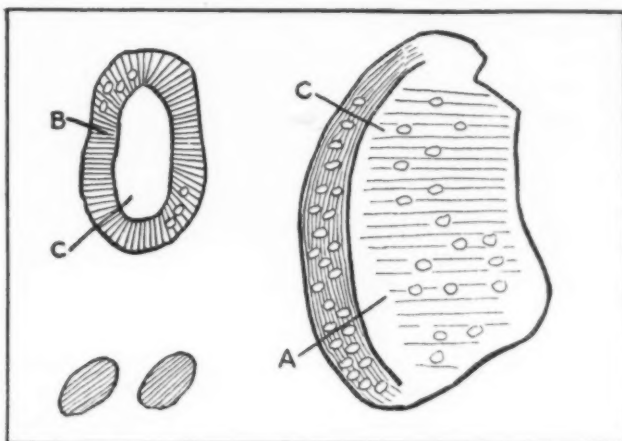
EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fourth, or maybe the fifth, article in Mr. Benchley's series on popular science and other forms of fun. The eighth, or ninth, article will appear next week.

Me and Mine

FIRST FATHER: My son has made the varsity crew.

SECOND FATHER: My boy drew the picture that got his college paper suppressed.

UNDER the new 1925 traffic rules, if a motorist catches a pedestrian on the first bound he's out.



DIFFERENTIATION OF CELLS IN THE LENS OF AN EYE. DOESN'T MEAN A THING.

the size of these cells. That really is important. In about $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of a cubic inch of blood there are some five million cells afloat. This is, as you will see, about the population of the City of London, except that the cells don't wear any hats. Thus, in our whole body, there are perhaps (six times seven is forty-two, five times eight is forty, put down naught and carry your four, eight times nine is seventy-two and four is seventy-six, put down six and carry your seven and then, adding, six, four, three, one, six, naught, naught, naught), oh, about a billion or so of these red corpuscles alone, not counting overhead and breakage. In the course of time, that runs into figures.



WE learn from a trade association that 2,500,000 men in America are now wearing silk underwear, proving among other things that there's darn little privacy left in this country.

Italy has extended to its women the right to vote and to fight in time of war, but as yet has been unable to devise a law which will compel them to descend from a street car correctly.

Suggested recruiting slogan for Italy in the next conflict: "Shall we join the ladies?"

Complaining that ninety-five per cent. of the films shown in England are of American make, Lord NEWTON says, "If we are condemned to witness perpetual rubbish, for Heaven's sake let it be English rubbish in preference to American."

We advise His Lordship to leave well enough alone. For several years we have been trading rubbish with the English—sending them our movies and tak-

ing their novelist-lecturers in return—and it seems to us that they have had all the best of the deal.

We can't quite understand what Lord NEWTON is beefing about, anyway. An Englishman's home is his castle, and there's no reason why he should leave it of an evening to patronize American films at the local cinema palace. The only people who are really "condemned to witness perpetual rubbish" are the ushers, the organists and the movie critics.

We Americans—take it from Ambassador HOUGHTON—want to be known as Europe's best pal and severest critic.

The Treasury Department claims that a dollar bill lasts four months. We've had one which exceeded this period—it got stuck in Junior's bank.

Dr. C. G. ABBOT of the Smithsonian Institution has been taking the temperature of various stars and finds

that Beta Riga is 18,000 degrees hotter than our own sun.

The inhabitants of Beta Riga, however, complain that it isn't so much the heat as the humidity.

38,844 laws were proposed in the United States last year, of which 10,809 were actually enacted.

Our national sport used to be baseball.

When the EMIR OF KURDESTAN was deported from these shores recently, he waved his hands and shouted, "Woe to America!" His next stop, presumably, will be at Newcastle, England.

It would cost \$250,000,000 a year to keep the dry fleet at its present strength on the Atlantic Coast, but the boys who operate motor trucks along the Canadian border agree that it would be worth it.

Having been cut off from their water supply by the Coast Guard blockade, the rum runners are joining in the national chorus of "How Dry I Am."

Or—"Scotch, Gin, Bacardi, Champagne and fancy Liqueurs everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

Ontario has gone wet and the beer signs are flashing invitingly across the river from Detroit. So Henry Ford will probably find a use for those Eagle boats after all.

Grade-crossing accidents, according to the American Railway Association, decreased fifteen per cent. last year. Which is just another indication of the decadence in our motorists' sporting instincts.

This is Better Mailing Week...and by the way, what ever became of ALBERT S. BURLESON?

We have no quarrel with Better Mailing Week, but we think the Post Office authorities might have selected some more propitious time for it than the first of the month.



THE CLASS OF 1900 HOLDS ITS TWENTY-FIFTH REUNION



An Impression of a Woman's College
By One Who Has Never Been There



COMMENCEMENT-DAY GAME BETWEEN ELECTORAL COLLEGE AND COLLEGE OF CARDINALS

Millie Relates an Anecdote

"OH, dear—listen—I just can't wait to tell everybody (*time out for paroxysm of laughter*)—the funniest thing happened to Marg and me—I thought honestly I'd just pass right out there on the spot, I swear to goodness—and oh, my dears, you should have seen Marg's face—honestly, you never saw anything like it in your life (*paroxysm*)—and if Fred ever hears about it he'll just kid the life out of us—you've got to promise not to tell a soul or we'll never hear the last of it—the motorman (*paroxysm*)—you should have seen him—we nearly died, honestly, and his mustache and—well, he was simply screaming—you know how they are, and then, of course, when he said that, well—I just took one look at Marg and we began to laugh until I guess everybody in the whole car thought we must be batty, and so on and so forth—we surely must have looked that way to somebody who didn't know why we were just shrieking—and Marg, you remember how Fred always said we were a pair of nuts—you remember, don't you?—that night out to Pleasant Lake when we'd all been eating so much cracker-jack and acting like perfect apes and (*paroxysm*)—Tom was such a fool that night—you know how he is when he gets started—and we all got to laughing at Mame because she said she never in her life gave Joe her

picture and he had one right there in his pocket all the time, but she didn't know it—you know what an awful tease Joe is when he gets started, but I don't blame him because Mame is so dumb, honestly—why, one time she even—what?—oh, yes, I just got to running on, and so on and so forth—Frank used to kid me about talking a lot but I'd rather be like that than like him and

not say a word all day, anyway he said it because he's jealous of Paul—that's always the way he is—but anyhow—when the motorman looked at Marg, and what did he say, Marg? (*paroxysm*)—I laugh every time I think of it, it was so screaming the way he said it—and when he turned around and looked at me so funny—I simply howled—and then we, well, we just collapsed. Didn't we, Marg?—and oh, I almost forgot, I just heard the most wonderful T. L. for Olive! Lucky I thought of it!"

J. W. Glover.



"THE KIND OF A GIRL THAT MEN FORGET"

The Economies of 1925

USING an extra-fare train to save time and then losing the time in a traffic jam at the terminal.

Walking instead of driving in order to keep down expenses and waking up in a \$10-a-day room in a hospital.

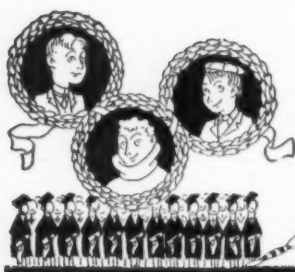
Rolling your own cigarettes and buying a vacuum cleaner.

Carrying a tray in a cafeteria to save money and then losing one's balance.

Demanding theatre seats at the box office at box-office prices and... but what's the use?

McC. H.

MRS. SMITH (*confiding to friend*): I'm so worried about my daughter. She's going out with a reformer.



LIFE

The Rover and Over Boys

By Corey Ford



Volume IV: How Putnam Hall Won the Commencement

"There are schools that have fine teachers,

There are schools both bad and good;
There are schools with good baseball
fields and bleachers,

And there are others not so good.
There are schools that have a lot of
style,

There are big ones and ones small;
But of all the schools in these U. S. A.,
We love dear old P-U-U-UT—NAM
HALL the best!"

"STUDENTS of Putnam Hall," began Captain Putnam solemnly, as the strains of the "Putnam Hall Marching, Canoeing and Surf-Bathing Song" filtered across the baseball diamond in the twilight, "this is the occasion of the annual Graduating Exercises between Putnam Hall and Merriwell Academy, and as usual the score stands 162—3 in favor of our ancient rivals. Only the Rover Boys can save us."

"Hurray for the Rover Boys!" shouted the students, waving their mortar-boards in the air and cheering lustily. "As our old readers well know, they will graduate over Merriwell beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and probably win the series!"

"What series?" piped up Sam.

"The Rover Boys' Series!" Tom came back like a bad check, and you should have heard the laugh that went up. Tom was as merry a lad as one could shake a stick at, and often did.

"Paste that horsehide!" cried the stands. "Soak the pill in the river!" "Dissolve it!" "Hurray for the Rover Boys!" "So's your old man!"

As these and other deafening cries

rent the air, Dan Baxter turned to Mumps the toady with a leer. "These Rover Boys think they're the whole show," he snarled, "but I'll fix them yet. I've bet all my money on the opposing team again," he added significantly.

"Mum's the word," promised Mumps. "I cotton to you, Dan."

"Don't leak about it," warned the bully, "or it's the jug!"

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

"Stop!" cried Dick Rover, whose eyes had been peeled as related in "The Rover Boys with Measles"; and striding across the field he seized the baseball and detached a long piece of rubber elastic. "Dan Baxter!" Dick muttered in a voice that boded ill for the bully.

"Here comes a double-ender!" shouted the Merriwell pitcher.

Again the ball bounded across the field, and again Tom raised the ashen stick, when Sam grabbed his arm in the nick of time. "!" went the baseball, as Tom's bat failed to connect with it and the disconnected sphere sailed on toward Putnam Hall.

"Strike tw—" began the umpire; but at that moment the erring ball brought up against Putnam Hall with a terrific explosion, and pieces of the erstwhile Academy flew in all directions.

"Dan Baxter filled the ball with dynamite!" gasped Sam.

"Foiled!" laughed Tom merrily. "He's used that gag before!"*

"Come on; quit horsing around now, Dan," warned Dick in a voice that boded ill.

Whack! went Tom's bat against the third ball; and

as the horsehide sailed high over the right-fielder's head, the stands rose to their feet as one, and waved his hat in the air.

"Slide, Tom, slide!" cried Sam; and Tom slid in a cloud of dust toward third base. Instantly the base started moving away from him across the field.

*For Dan Baxter's previous efforts with Dynamite see "The Rover Boys in the Air," Chapter 11, page 127.



"DON'T LEAK ABOUT IT," WARNED THE BULLY, "OR
IT'S THE JUG."

"HERE comes a regular corkscrew curl and no mistake," warned the Merriwell twirler, a little pitcher with big ears; and so warning he sent the fun-loving Rover a low, swift ball. Tom made a swing, when to his surprise the sphere was seen to halt not an inch from his bat, then turn abruptly and bound back toward the pitcher, who caught it in his glove.

"Stop!" ejaculated Dick seriously; and quick as a flash he overturned third base, disclosing a small Ford tractor which Dan Baxter had cleverly concealed beneath the plate. "Some day that bully will go too far," he boded.

"Come on home, Tom!" yelled the stands; and the fun-loving Rover arrived home in the nick of time.

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

"WELL, if it isn't Tom Rover!" cried Aunt Martha and Uncle Randolph, as they embraced the lad and set before him a steaming hot dinner. "Welcome back to Valley Brook Farm!"

"Here's to the old folks at home," said Tom, raising a brimming glass of cider. "God bless them and keep them. At home," he added merrily.

"Well, it sure was nice seeing you again," called Aunt Martha and Uncle Randolph as they waved him good-by. "Remember us to Dick and Sam."

Now Tom Rover came tearing back down the field, with Putnam Hall still 76 runs or so behind. Without a moment's hesitation he snatched a false

mustache, attached it to his upper lip, and thus completely disguised he dashed around the field for another home-run. As he reached home plate he seized a razor, shaved off the false mustache, and thus disguised once more, he circled the field for a third home-run, meantime frantically signaling his brothers to join him as he ran.

"The baseball won't be down for an

hour or so," he explained. "I tied it to a parachute."

"Foiled," fumed Dan Baxter. "The jig is up."

Then with a shout that rent the air the entire student body of Putnam Hall joined behind the fun-loving Rover. Again and again they rounded the field, and as lap was added to lap, the home-runs piled into the hundreds and the hysterical cries of spectators mingled with calliopes and wind-instruments. "Hurray for the Rover Boys!" they shouted. "We have won the Graduation!"



"FOR DEAR OLD PUTNAM HALL," HE QUOTH, AND RIPPED HIS CONTRACT INTO SMALL PIECES.



"THE SCORE STANDS 162-3 IN FAVOR OF OUR ANCIENT RIVALS!"

CHAPTER TWO

WHILE the shouting and cheering students of Putnam Hall lifted the Rover Boys on their shoulders and tossed them enthusiastically over the goal-posts, Captain Putnam brought out an armful of A. B. degrees for Baseball Athletics, and distributed them among the eager students.

"Hurray!" shouted Tom Rover, unfolding his degree. "I'm signed with the Giants! There's always such a lot of kidding goes on around their club-house!" and the fun-loving Rover's eyes shone with anticipation.

"Is it a contract?" asked Sam.

"I don't remember," replied Tom merrily.

"Whoops!" shouted Sam, examining his sheepskin. "Mine's for the Phils!"

"Say it ain't true, Sam," urged his brother.

"Stop!" cried Dick Rover, mounting the platform seriously. "If we graduate into the big leagues, what will become of the football team? For dear old Putnam Hall, fellows!" he quoth; and so quothing he ripped his contract into small pieces. At once the entire

(Continued on page 37)



WITH A SHOUT THAT RENT THE AIR THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY OF PUTNAM HALL JOINED BEHIND THE FUN-LOVING ROVER

· LIFE ·

The Gelska Cup

By Ring Lardner

(This was the prize college play at Gelska for the year 1925. It turned out to be a terrible flop.)

CHARACTERS

DEAN HUSSEY OF THE PHARMACAL
SCHOOL
DEAN INGE
DEAN CORNWALL
GUNGHA DEAN
COACH POISON OF THE CREW
PALSY, a Toe Dancer

"CHUB" HOLT
MEMBERS OF THE CREW
A WEAKFISH
CO-EDS, VASSAR GIRLS, BELLBOYS, DOMI-
NIES, ASSISTANT COACHES, ETC
GEORGE CREEL

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The play as originally written had a lot of funny gags. For instance, the Weakfish used to appear in the last act and the other characters asked him where he had been. He was supposed to say, "I have been here a week." That was thrown out because the show lasted only one night. For another instance, in the last scene of the third act, Palsy and "Chub" Holt met one

another on the stage and did not talk for an hour. The audience seemed to think something ought to be said, and they said it. Palsy had what we thought was a great line, namely, "That just shows you," but it came at a time when nobody was in condition to get it. Otherwise, the play reads as originally written.]

ACT I

AN ironing board on the campus at Gelska University. It is Class Day. Dean Hussey of the Pharmacal School and Dean Faltness of the Laundry School enter from opposite directions. They find that they are on the same ironing board and there is nothing that can be done. They cannot possibly pass each other. They meet in the middle of the ironing board.

DEAN HUSSEY
(Reading from his cuff.)

HAVE you seen anything of "Chub" Holt?

DEAN FALTNESS
"Chub" who?

DEAN HUSSEY
I forget.

DEAN FALTNESS
No. Have you?

DEAN HUSSEY
No.

(They both realize that neither of them has seen anything of "Chub" Holt. They exit, each going out in the same direction he came from. They look as if they wished they had been cast for parts in some other play. The failure of the play depends on how they look.)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

A lounge in the Alpha Delt Fraternity House at Wrecking University. Wrecking University and Gelska Uni-

versity are great rivals, though over five miles apart. It is the annual Class Day custom to stage a boat race between the varsity crews. Coach Poison is making a final "pep" speech to the members of the Wrecking Crew, who are lying on individual divans in their life belts. They seem to pay no attention to their coach, but their facial expression is such that you cannot be sure. One of them is absent.

COACH POISON
(Reading from his cuff.)

MEN, I might give you a lot of elaborate instructions, but all I am going to tell you is to remember these three points—First: Row! Second: Row! And Third: Row!

NUMBER SIX
(Glancing toward the audience.)
There's nobody in the first three rows.

COACH POISON
(Remains apparently indifferent, but really feels it; looks for his other cuff, on which the balance of the "pep" speech had been jotted down; discovers that in the confusion of Class Day he has come away from his home on Maple Street with only the one cuff; is nonplused for a moment, then is the same old coach.)

Men, I will add just a few words to those instructions — Fourth: Row! Fifth: Row! And Sixth: Row!

(Number Six and the Coxswain both look out into the vacant auditorium but make no comment.)

STROKE OAR
(Removing his life belt, as now seems safe.)

Coach, have you seen anything of "Chub" Holt?

COACH POISON
(After searching the campus.)
No.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

The Girls' Dormitory at Gelska University. NOTE: In most co-educational universities, the girls' dormitory is where the girls sleep, but at Gelska they all have insomnia, so the dormitory is used as a sort of Pince Nez where they pinch each other's noses when they get mad. At rise of the curtain the three Gelska co-eds are sitting on individual divans apparently thinking of the time they were at Des Moines, or perhaps it was twice.

MISS JAFFE
Do you remember the time we were in Des Moines?

MISS GORDON
(Reading from her cuff.)
Yes.
(Continued on page 39)



"BUT DIDN'T YOU FIND IT RATHER EXPENSIVE HAVING YOUR DAUGHTER IN COLLEGE?"
 "YES. BUT NOTHING LIKE HAVING HER IN NEW YORK SUPPORTING HERSELF."

If They Told the Truth

AT the commencement exercises of Goofus College honorary degrees were conferred upon a number of distinguished men by President Lemuel McSweeney, who said:

"Marcus H. Beasley, financier, railroad magnate, crook *par excellence*, it is fitting that the degree of Doctor of Laws be conferred upon you, for you have doctored more laws than anybody living. As a briber of legislatures you have no equal. However, honorary degrees are cheap and, to put it bluntly, Goofus College needs the money. Therefore, by the authority vested in me by the faculty and council of Goofus College, I invest you with all the rights and privileges of a Doctor of Laws. Now come across.

"Thaddeus F. Sauerbush, your father left you ample millions, but he failed to endow you with any brains. There was a time when an honorary degree indicated some measure of intellectual achievement, but fortunately those barbarous days are past. But even in these enlightened days the idea of making you a Doctor of Letters is pretty much of a joke. However, you have

promised to endow the faculty barber shop, which we need, so what the more or less hell? Therefore, by the authority vested in me, etc.

"Raoul de Valois, Count of Marseilles, Ambassador from Mesopotamia, I don't know why in blazes we are giving you a degree, but it lends class to a commencement to have at least one foreign ambassador on the bill of fare. I don't mind saying that we tried to get a couple of Major League diplomats this season, but the other colleges beat us to them and had them all signed up, so we had to be satisfied with you. I suppose I ought to confer this degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon you in Latin, but I don't know any Latin, and besides, you wouldn't know what I was talking about anyway. Therefore, by the authority, etc."

Newman Levy.



"WELL—THAT LETS ME OUT."

The Line of No Resistance

CYNTHIA: Grace has a wonderful figure, hasn't she?

SALLY: Yes; she can put her waistline wherever she likes.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THIS being the Commencement Number, let us in the manner of the commencement orators give attention for a moment to what is known, and to whoever thinks he knows it. For example, in the columns of the *New York Herald Tribune*, with startling headlines on the front page, General R. L. Bullard, retired, is imparting his views and opinions of the late war. They make quite lively reading, in which approval and disapproval is clear-cut and pronounced. Five instalments of him disclose that he thinks very well indeed of General Pershing and not at all well of President Wilson, but such is the might of his pen that the unfolding of his impressions is likely to be attended by development of more sympathy for Pershing than for Wilson.

It is all right for any one to complain of Mr. Wilson who finds recreation or relief in that exercise. Some people see no good in him; others no bad. Others, still, see both, and yet wonder why his personality is so important and why so large a proportion of his contemporaries rated him a great man and probably the greatest of his time. After sitting through a long disclosure of his faults from some one who thought ill of him, a listener went away and came presently to a friend who took the other view. What was it, he said to that friend, that made Wilson so important? What was it that offset his defects, omissions and mistakes, which were plenty enough, and left so imposing a surplus? The friend replied, "Wilson was a prophet. That was his value."

There or thereabouts may be the answer about Wilson. If a man is a

prophet and valuable in the exercise of that calling, in other matters you have to take him as he is. One of the Old Testament prophets took a notion to go naked, and did go naked for three years, and must have been a scandalous and disagreeable object, exciting remark and very unfavorable criticism among the neighbors. Somehow he escaped extermination, and in his function as a prophet he was apparently potent.



THERE have always been objections to prophets. The constituted authorities have usually tried to use them and have been irritated when they couldn't. You find in the Old Testament the King calling on the head prophet to prophesy according to the King's desire, and the prophet, with fear in his heart but under irresistible internal compulsion, getting up and prophesying quite the contrary right in the King's teeth. There was General Bullard, working like sixty to get the United States started in the biggest war that ever was, and there at home was President Wilson "sending language across the ocean of what he was going to do and making America the sneer of the earth for talk." It was the same old story—failure of the prophet to meet the reasonable expectation of the practical authorities. Of course in Wilson's case it was complicated by his being not only the prophet but the leading authority, and one learns that he sent that tall talk that abraded General Bullard because the Allied chiefs felt the need of it, and entreated him to do so. Probably General Bullard does not know that, but

anyhow, good luck to him, and may he be happy in his literary hostilities!



WHAT of Mr. Borah? Is he a prophet? He has got an important job, is undoubtedly an able man in a way, but is he really going to amount to anything substantial in this world? Does he want to do anything important or merely to keep anything important from being done?

Maybe that's his line. It has been since the war the great line of the Senate Committee of which Mr. Borah is now Chairman. When he talks, it is good talk. When he says he wants war outlawed as a crime, of course that sounds nice. When he says the World Court that Mr. Coolidge wants is nothing but a legal department of the League of Nations and that the United States ought not to go into it because it ought not to be entangled with the League of Nations, that sounds plausible enough; and when he says, as he did at Ann Arbor the other day, that the only basis of peace on which we could build permanently is justice, that sounds very elevated, though very likely building peace exclusively on justice is a millennial dream. You may put large blocks of justice into a peace, but usually there has to be some sort of mortar to hold them together. When Mr. Borah talks these high-sounding sentiments, one wants to go and consult a competent lawyer and ask how much of what Mr. Borah says is really so.

Then the political mind turns to Mr. Coolidge, and really not without some relief. Mr. Borah gives one the impression that he is a much more potent intellect than Mr. Coolidge, but what is that classic rhyme about bugs—about the June bug that had the gaudy wing and the lightning bug that had flame, and that other little bug not well esteemed in polite life and who wore no epaulets, but got there notwithstanding! Somehow the more we hear of Mr. Borah, the more we admire the excellent qualities of his mind, the less we expect of him; and the less we hear of Mr. Coolidge the more we hope from him. It's quite curious, isn't it! It must be that, with all his enthusiasm for economy, Mr. Coolidge seems to have in him a desire to help the world, whereas Mr. Borah just leaves us guessing.

E. S. Martin.





LIFE ·



y Balloons



Summing Up

NOW for that summary of the season! You must have been wondering where it was. We were waiting for everything to be in because a thing like this has to be done completely or not at all. Perhaps not at all would be even better.

As we sit here in our easy-chair and look through our pipe-smoke, as the girls representing the different plays of the year pass by in review, we are struck by the fact that so few of them dealt with what Dr. John Roach Straton calls "sex." Out of seventy-five legitimate plays under discussion, forty-eight were as clean as that exemplary whistle you hear so much about. The other (subtract it for yourself. We've got writing to do) dealt more or less seriously with the Eighth Lively Art. That's not so bad, when you consider that two-thirds of an iceberg is submerged and that William De Morgan was past fifty when he began to write.

That's about all we have to say concerning sex plays. One is so easily misunderstood.



WE must note, however, the number of recalcitrant daughters that the season produced. It just seemed for a while as if no one had well-behaved children on the stage. The very first play of the season, "Dancing Mothers," started the scare, and it went right on down the list. Just as soon as you saw the daughter of the house light a cigarette, you knew that before the curtain to the second act she was going to end up in some bachelor's diggings, compromised to the point of stamping her foot and saying: "I hate you! I hate you!" If the daughters are as badly behaved next season, I don't *know* what we are going to do with them.

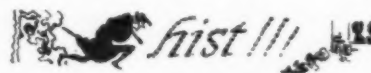


ANOTHER serious trend during the year was the increased mortality in revue sketches. We have figures to show that out of thirty revue sketches, twenty-two ended with the violent murder of one of the characters. When the writers had no other way to finish their little acts they would have one of the characters pull out a gun and shoot another, followed by a "black-out." This is all very funny, and helps get the characters off the stage, but where is it going to end? How are they going to finish their sketches next season? Setting fire to the theatre would be one way.

We could think of others, but what's the sense in giving away good ideas to revue-authors? Let them end their own sketches.



THOSE interested in the march of fashion will be glad to know that the Tiny Garments are going out of style as a method of annunciation. We haven't seen a tiny garment pulled out of a sewing-basket all season. In one play a pair of baby-shoes was kept in the side-board along with the sherry and was snapped out whenever the action dragged, but it was more of a memento than a warning. The prospective arrival of an heir is now coming to be accepted socially as respectable talk, and in the more rowdy plays the word "baby" is sometimes actually spoken out loud, another sign of the state to which our theatre has fallen. Sodom, Gomorrah, Rome, Vienna, New York, New Haven and Hartford.



THERE have been many "significant" plays produced during the year, most of them very badly acted. Our "significant" producing organizations, housed in tiny theatres, have done valuable service in bringing to light several important dramas which the commercial managers would not have been able to *read*, let alone produce. We should be grateful for this. But it is too bad that, with a good 'script in hand, these pioneers do not see that it is worth nothing so far as public education is concerned if it is going to beat on the audience's ears in droning monotone or amateurish over-emphasis. An actor, in order to interpret the new spirit of the theatre, must have other resources at his command than a love of that theatre and an ability to live on a small salary. These qualities help, and give an air of sincerity which is disarming, but it would be so much better if they were good actors into the bargain.



BUT there, we are getting cross, and we swore that we would never get cross again, especially at actors. They have enough trouble, poor devils, trying to cope with that bane of the American theatre—the audience.

It was a perfectly dandy season, and every one took his part just splendidly.

Robert Benchley.



They "Rushed" the Same Girl in College and—



This One Lost



THE FELLOW WHO GOT THROUGH COLLEGE ON HIS FOOTBALL SUPREMACY TAKES HIS DIPLOMA

Their Pictures Never Appear in the Year Books

HORACE J. PRINGLE—who was summarily expelled in his Junior year by the dean, but whose biology notes have enabled the brothers of Gamma Delta Phi to pass Biology 11-12 for the last ten years.

Praxiteles X. Poppopolous—owner of the village tuck shop or ice-cream parlor, whose books show a yearly deficit of three hundred dollars for credit extended to members of the graduating class.

Abraham J. Goldstein—the best live-wire salesman of "smuggled Havana cigars" that ever canvassed Fraternity Row.

Elmer P. Tousey—the genial owner of the village drug store. He never charges for the bottle.

Winniger Scott Mayfair (alias John Smith, alias "Slim Pickens," alias "Gentleman Scotty")—averages four coonskin coats, six gold watches and two dozen rings, stickpins and cuff links a semester. Still at large.

Estelle Mae McCready—granddaughter of Aggie de Castrer. Has the finest collection of fraternity pins and the swiftest line in America.

Solomon Blintz—"the undergraduate's friend." He pays cash for anything.

Maurice F. X. Goldstein (brother of Abraham J.)—specializes in smuggled English suitings direct from the Vermont looms. Always glad to help a Freshman select his first dinner jacket.

Sandy T. McPherson—campus groundkeeper and gardener. He replants the class ivy the day after the ivy oration and keeps it green.

William S. Crampton—printer and engraver. Layout man, managing editor and editor-in-chief, *ex officio*. If it wasn't for this bird there never would be any year books.

Henry William Hanemann.

Statistic

FOUR out of five college graduates get it in the neck before they're forty.



COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The Commencement Procession of the Future

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY
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THE FACULTY OF THE SCHOOL OF BRICKLAYING

THE PROFESSOR OF LIBERAL ARTS

THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY OF THE UNIVERSITY

THE DIRECTOR OF ENDOWMENT DRIVES
THE UNIVERSITY ARCHITECTS

BAND

THE FOOTBALL COACH

BAND

THE FOOTBALL TEAM

BAND

BACHELORS OF DAIRY HUSBANDRY

BACHELORS OF HOUSEWIFERY

BACHELORS OF RADIO ANNOUNCING

BACHELORS OF SCENARIO CONSTRUCTION

BACHELORS OF INCOME TAX REPORT FILING

BACHELOR OF ARTS

Richard L. Greene.

The Fair Exchange

THE manuscript did come back, but accompanying it was one of the very nicest personal letters of regret I ever saw. The editor was touching in his abject apology. No lack of merit had been implied; no inaccuracy nor yet unsuitability for that magazine had existed—it was purely that an unfortunate circumstantial combination prevented the acceptance of my manuscript at that particular moment.

I wrote the editor my thanks, and quite sincerely expressed my appreciation of his explanatory letter.

He replied, informing me that he had been sure I'd take the proper attitude, and repeated his regret over the enforced rejection.

I replied, telling him that he might have been sure I'd see it in the proper light, and asking him not to let the matter give him any further concern or worry.

He replied, assuring me that it was a pleasure to deal with a writer who not only had a desire to deal fairly, but was capable of looking at a thing strictly on its merits.

Thus started a friendly correspondence which has been going on for



A PLACE TO HANG HIS HAT

several months. The problem is, I have another manuscript I'd like to send him, but I hate to break up such a beautiful friendship.

Wayne G. Haisley.

Why Professors Age Young

"MISS SMITH, what occurrence is commemorated on November 11?"

"Oh, that's the date of Fred's fraternity dance."

Commencement Thinking

(Done While Listening to the Distinguished Speaker)

"IT'S tough to lose twenty varsity letter men in one class."

"Hell, he hasn't reached his climax yet; I thought he was in his conclusion."

"I wonder how much the old boy takes down for a speech like this. Anyway, it's too much."

"Well, I'll be an alumnus in a few minutes. That'll entitle me to bellyache about football tickets."

"He can't be through yet; he hasn't told us what he'd do if he were twenty-one again. Yes, he is! He isn't such a bad old goat after all."

McCready Huston.

Buried Alive

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISER (complainingly): I paid you my good money for carrying my announcement, and here you've put it on the editorial page!

GIVE an actor enough rope and he'll give an imitation of Will Rogers.



THE GAY NINETIES

THE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH CRAZE

· LIFE ·



THE CLASS BABY ATTENDS THE FORTIETH REUNION

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May
28th

The morning post unusually heavy, but naught of consequence, and why merchants should spend money on postage and stationery for advertisements which nine women out of ten tear in two without opening I do not see. One of the tenth women is Gusta Bolling, who once tore up a notice from a trust company to the effect that she had inherited several thousand dollars under the impression that it was an invitation to rent a safe-deposit box....Eugenia Seabury to lunch with me, and we fell a-talking of the days when we were debutantes, and how we and the times have changed, for Lord! we used to wear strips of ruffled lace under our blouses to give the effect of ample, or at least sufficient, bosoms, whereas now the idea is exactly the opposite. We did recall, too, how I had inherited my great aunt's chest of silver before I reached years of discretion, and had given a fine Sheffield tea set to an itinerant servant because I could find no Sterling mark thereon. And when I did admire the two heavy bracelets of twisted silver which Genie had bought in the West Indies, she quoth, Yes, they're good-looking, but when I want to get them off I have to call in the janitor.

May
29th

Awake betimes, reading the journals, and marking another instance of a judge's awarding a woman fifty dollars a month for expenses whilst her suit for divorce is pending, albeit her husband's income is eighty thousand a year. How a magistrate can do such a thing with a straight face I know not. I did also come

(Continued on page 34)

Rockabye

SLEEP, little innocent, peacefully sleep;
Angels their vigil about you will keep;
Sleep to the lullaby (KAKD),
"Me an' the Boy Friend, the Boy Friend an' Me."

Mama's gone bridging, and Dad's playing pool,
Nurse's attending the Freudian school,
But, Baby, the radio's turned on for you—
Harry Katz' Jazz Boys in Kalamazoo.

When Mama and Daddy were babes long ago,
They lacked advantages, such as you know.
They had no chances to pick and to choose
"Twixt "Lady, Be Good!" and the "Hotsy Tot Blues."

Sleep, little cherubkin, happily doze,
Eyes like the bluebell and lips like the rose.
Daddy's a Stepper, and Mama's a Deb,
And the current selection's from Omaha, Neb.

Tip Bliss.

What More Can Be Said?

"THAT truck-driver certainly has an awful vocabulary, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he swears like a flapper."



AT THE SKYSCRAPER UNIVERSITY
DROPPING A STUDENT TO A LOWER CLASS



"COME NOW, GOD, THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKING"

Skippy



"The Sporting Venus"

IT is said that Marshall Neilan uses no continuity when he produces a picture: he merely jots down a few notes on the back of an old envelope and then, after a few scenes have been shot, loses the envelope.

Having seen a great many of Mr. Neilan's efforts as represented on the screen, I can easily believe this envelope rumor. For the average Neilan picture has about as much plot, as much coherence as the libretto of a Bon Ton burlesque show. If he starts out with a visible idea, he manages to mislay it during the second reel—and from then on, the story resolves itself into a mad, "every-man-for-himself" scramble.

"The Sporting Venus" is typical of Neilan at his worst and at his best. It is foolish, inconsequential and spineless, and yet it is entertaining. There's a certain spontaneity about Neilan that

will not down, even when he is making no sense whatever, and the spectator (hard-boiled or soft, as the case may be) is infected with it.

If you look for rhyme or reason in "The Sporting Venus," you will look in vain. But you will find three excellent performances—by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Lew Cody; you will find some beautiful photography, and you will find a number of deftly manipulated scenes.

"The Shock Punch"

THERE'S just one thing the matter with Richard Dix: he's too damned likable. He is all three Rover Boys rolled into one, and his excessive, inhuman charm gets on the nerves. This quality of sweetness has oppressed Mr. Dix's work only since he became a star; I have seen him in pictures (notably "The Sin Flood") which gave him a

chance to demonstrate a few normal frailties, and it seemed to me that he did it extremely well.

In "The Shock Punch," however, he is too irresistible to live—and when he engaged in mortal combat with the villain on the top level of a skeleton building, I for one hoped that he would slip.

"The Shock Punch" has the makings of a good melodrama, but it has been developed with scant skill. It uses up its thrills too early in the story, so that there is no kick left at the finish. When you've seen one steel girder, you've seen them all.

"Up the Ladder"

ASIDE from a fairly effective performance by Virginia Valli, there is absolutely nothing to recommend in "Up the Ladder." It is a dull, artless story about a too-successful husband and his long-suffering wife, with most of the long-suffering contributed by the audience.

Hope

THIS is a bad season of the year in the movies (I keep that line standing in type and use it every summer), but there are at least two pictures in prospect which should alleviate the famine.

One of them is "Don Q., Son of Zorro," with Douglas Fairbanks, and the other is Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush."

I may be old and hard and surfeited with film "entertainment," but one of those red-headed, freckle-faced Norman Rockwell urchins at his first circus will have nothing on me when "The Gold Rush" comes to town.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 35.)



SELLING TALK

College President (to noted benefactor): YES, SIR, THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD FOR THIS INSTITUTION—WHY, EVEN OUR DIPLOMAS ARE MADE OF THE SKIN FROM CONTENTED SHEEP.

FISHER BODIES



The emblem—Body by Fisher—is only the beginning of the owner's satisfaction. For the ultimate satisfaction is in the longer service, the greater comfort and convenience, which the vast Fisher facilities enable us to build into Fisher bodies in every motor car price-division.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS



CDE



The Liberators

Among our literary scenes,
Saddest this sight to me:
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.
—Keith Preston, in *Chicago News*.

Lost and Found

"Little Tale" of tragedy, composed of cuttings from the personal column of the *Manchester Evening News*:

JEAN.—Where are you? Write. Love ever.—NOEL.
NOEL.—Sorry to disappoint; married.—JEAN.

—*London Daily News*.

"MR. LAZYBONES left everything to his wife."

"He always did."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

THE most dangerous crossings are any attempted by pedestrians.

—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



"I FEEL like a glass o' beer, Bill."

"I wish you was, mate!"

—*London Opinion*.

A Discouragement to Thrift

The neighbor of a man noted for his extreme thrift saw him on a week day dressed in his Sunday clothes.

"What's up, Jim?" he called out.

"Why the glad rags?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"News! What news?"

"Triplets!"

"Oh, so that accounts for—" began the neighbor, when the frugal one interrupted him:

"Yes, that accounts for my wearing these clothes. What in thunder's the use of trying to be economical!"

—*Boston Transcript*.

An Added Thrill

"But," said the cautious screen star who was about to perform an apparently dangerous feat, "suppose the rope should break?"

"By George!" cried the director.

"That's a good idea!"

—*American Legion Weekly*.

A NEW fire alarm rings when operated by the smoke of a cigar. We don't know this fire alarm intimately, but we think we know the cigar.—*Punch*.

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Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Flannels, Linen, Silk for Summer

We have issued a colored map
of part of New York City
which will be sent to anyone mentioning
LIFE

BOSTON
LITTLE BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOSTON

PALM BEACH
PLAZA BUILDING
COUNTY ROAD

NEWPORT
AUDRAIN BUILDING
220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

B O R E D O M

There is nothing particularly interesting about an automobile tire.

Any woman would rather read about a new hat. Any man would rather think about a new casting rod.

The fact remains, however, that tires have to be bought now and then, and the money and physical comfort involved would seem to make the matter worthy of serious consideration.

The interesting thing about *Mohawk Tires* is simply this: By remembering them *before* buying you are enabled to forget them *afterwards*.

The *Mohawk Warrior Cord* has set a standard for mileage that no tire in its price class has surpassed. The *Mohawk Flat Tread Cord* has revealed what a tire can be built to do when quality and not cost is the goal of the builder.

These two superior tires (in the regular and balloon types) constitute the *Mohawk* line. *Mohawk* has never built a second or third grade tire.

MOHAWKS

Go Farther!

THE MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO



KING ALBERT—*Silver of regal beauty*

ANOTHER example of the Gorham Master Craftsman's artistry — regal in its simplicity, delicate of ornamentation. Your jeweler will gladly show this design and other beautiful Gorham pieces.

B. W. Vickary, for 25 years a Gorham Master Craftsman, engraving a King Albert tea pot.

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE

NEW YORK

KING ALBERT PATTERN

Tea spoons 6 for \$9.30
Dessert knives 6 for 20.00
Dessert forks 6 for 20.00

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS





Make a "HOLE-IN-ONE" with a Dunlop

A PRIZE of a handsome trophy case goes to every golfer who drops a Dunlop Golf Ball into the cup with one mighty drive from the tee.

Dunlop Golf Balls aren't bought or sold to make "holes-in-one", but Dunlop's *extra distance* and *steadier direction* often makes the difference between a "2" and a "1".

Your Club "Pro" will get you the trophy. Let him send in your lucky ball.

\$1.00 each

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.
Golf Ball Department
125th Street at 12th Avenue
New York

The
DUNLOP
GOLF BALL



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



For the Limping Bard

The other week some verses from this department were reprinted back among the advertising pages of oh, a very well-known magazine. And the makeup came out in such a manner that at the bottom of the verses appeared a one-line advertisement, to wit:

"In a pinch, use ——— Foot-Ease."

We had never thought of it before, but that is a hot tip for poets. Often, in writing poetry, a foot gets crowded into a line where there is scant room for it. At such times the foot is pinched, there is no denying that. A good brand of foot-ease, sprinkled liberally through a stanza, would be a great boon.

—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Safety Week in China

Professional story tellers, hired by the government, are spreading warnings on the Shanghai streets to cure the Chinese of jay-walking. One of these stories follows:

"Now the swift motor car and the clanging street car are just like tigers, and if you do not take care to watch the policeman at the corner and obey his signals you will not live to grow up and acquire many sons, but will be killed, and your sons, too, so that your ancestral tablets will be untended. The road is like a tiger's mouth; from its center keep away."—*Indianapolis Star*.

Not Guilty

The magistrate regarded the urchin with a look in which sympathy for his sad plight and disapproval of his misdeed were equally blended.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, "what ever possessed you to steal the tortoise?"

"I didn't steal it," was the unexpected retort. "It followed me home."

—*Answers (London)*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Imperence!

A resident of Stoke Newington, advertising for a domestic servant, announces that there is no washing, no cooking, no windows, no knives, no boots, no young children, own bedroom and sitting-room with wireless. He will have to do better than that.—*Punch*.

CON: The radio will never take the place of newspapers.

DENSER: Why?

CON: You can't start a fire with a radio set.—*Science and Invention*.

THE statistician's version: Fractions speak louder than words.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

From
across
the Sea

Apollinaris

is brought to you
from the spring bot-
tled only with its
own natural gas.

"The Queen
of Table Waters"

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.,
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

"Opportunity ever knock at your door?"

"No, but I'm on his mailing list."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



*You must be slender
to have bobbed hair—*

For the shingle bob or the straight bob, you must have a youthful silhouette. One simply can't be stout—or even overweight.

How thankful we should be that there is one pleasant method of taking off weight. No exercises or diets—just use Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way).

Have you ever tried them? Many of your slender, vivacious friends use Marmola Tablets.

All drug stores have them— one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA

*Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD



OUR razor must offer no excuse on three counts if it is to give the really perfect shave:

— comfort

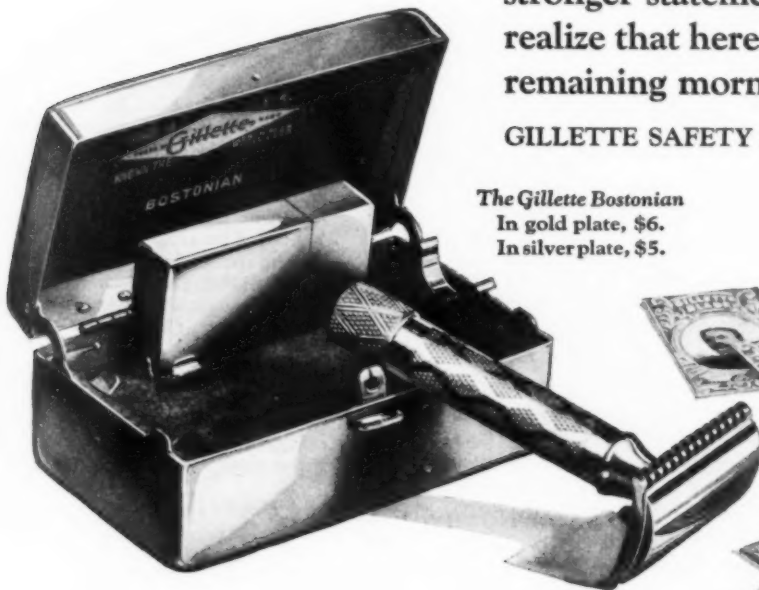
— safety

— speed

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

The New Improved Gillette was designed to answer perfect on each of these points, and in actual use it *does*. With the sharp-edged Gillette Blades it fulfills every shaving requirement. Could any stronger statement be made to help you realize that here is the razor for use every remaining morning of your life?

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



The Gillette Bostonian
In gold plate, \$6.
In silver plate, \$5.

\$5 to \$75



The New Improved

Gillette

SAFETY  RAZOR

The Gillette Company assumes full responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors when used with genuine Gillette Blades. But with imitations of genuine Gillette Blades it cannot take responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors.



Is there really a climate-proof smoking tobacco?

Mr. W. L. Peers is an aviator who certainly has "flown wide," to borrow an expression from his own pleasant letter.

He writes us that he has smoked Edgeworth under practically every climatic condition in seventeen sections of the world, outside America. He says:

Bolling Field, D. C.

Messrs. Larus & Bros. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Having been a constant user of your excellent Edgeworth for approximately twelve years, and having smoked it under practically every climatic condition in the following countries: England, France, British West Africa, South Africa, German East Africa, Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, India, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Waziristan, Ceylon, Burma, The Straits Settlements, and China, I feel it an honor to go on record as a supremely satisfied user of this tobacco.

Of course it was not always possible to obtain the "Old Blue Can" in all of these countries, but where this difficulty was encountered, my fondness for Edgeworth could not be satisfied by an inferior product, so I arranged with my people in Richmond, Virginia, to purchase a dozen or so cans at a time and forward it to me by parcel post.

I was considerably gratified on my arrival at this field to find that the majority of the men here, both commissioned and enlisted, who smoke pipes, are veteran users of Edgeworth. I consider that this shows excellent taste on the part of the men at this station.

May your organization and your Edgeworth always "Fly High, Wide and Pretty."

Yours for pipe satisfaction,

W. L. PEERS.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes

in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16F South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you pay the jobber.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 26)

across the statement—and in the column of the same critic who belittled Michael Arlen's ability to write, too—that Flaubert was not a great novelist, so did telephone my newsdealer to send me his particular journal no longer. Lord! Life is too short, and there are too many graphic papers in town, to risk having one's temper upset so early in the day. Hilda Means to luncheon with me, and she did tell me how a Boston dowager, having asked her sister Emily where she came from and been told Texas and Missouri, had answered, Mercy! Must you mention both?

May
30th

A large part of this morning spent in my kitchen, talking with Katie of this and that, and we did agree that no ice box should ever be without a green pepper and a hard-boiled egg... To a great luncheon at Vieve Marshall's, where was a Southern woman who told how Edgar Lee Masters, during a visit to her home town, had interviewed an old Negress who had once been a slave, asking her all kinds of questions in order to get copy, and telling her at the finish that he was going to put her in a book. He say he's gwine to put me in a book, Miss Lizzie, the old woman said after Mr. Masters' departure, but Lawd Gawd! I'd rather he gimme a quart of whiskey!... Sam and I to the Brevoort grille for dinner, where was an astonishing number of men in golf apparel. The time is coming, quoth Sam, when it will be no crime to shoot a man in knickers.

Baird Leonard.

Dear Old Alma Mater!

I just love college. There is something about a yellow slicker with a red collar that thrills me to the bone.

I love to think of the line plunges that have been taken, the hundreds of yards that have been dashed, the home runs that have been knocked out, the one-act plays that have been written in honor of the dear old school.

My heart leaps when I think of the thousands of keen-eyed young men ready to start out into the world this month. I hope there are enough chairs in bond houses for all of them.

I like to think of the guitars strummed under the elms on moon-lit nights; of romance when the whole world was young; of the automobiles stolen; of the synthetic gin drunk.

Whenever I sit on the fifty-yard line at the big game my heart swells with pride in my dear old alma mater.

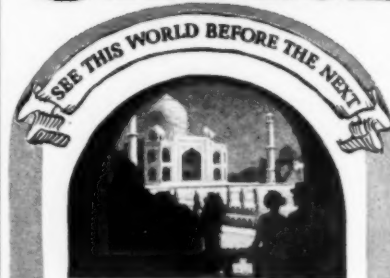
I just love college.

I have never been there.

McC. H.

DEC. 3RD FROM NEW YORK

WORLD CRUISE



Why

WORLD'S GREATEST
TRAVEL SYSTEM

Such an array of wonders to see! Such a whirl of pleasures to enjoy! Think of having Canadian Pacific management all the way; Canadian Pacific service every day. Resident agents to perfect arrangements; globe-girdling connections to command privileges with Canadian Pacific's 25,000 ton cruise favorite, the Empress of Scotland, as your club-like home... And the itinerary? You go when winter comes, Dec. 3... Christmas in the Holy Land. New Year's in Cairo. India in cool season. Home again for the crocuses... Cost? Less than comparable living at home. Reservations? Better speak now.

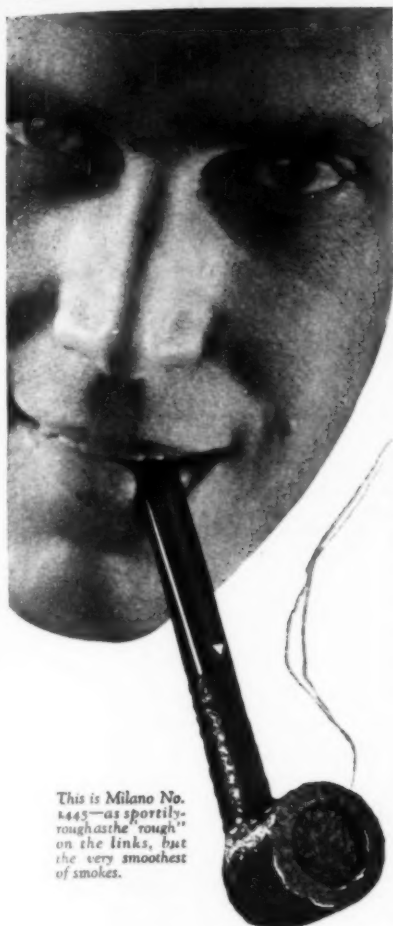
Helpful Literature

Compiled by cruise experts. Inquire your local agent, or nearest Canadian Pacific Agent, New York, 344 Madison Ave., Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. Other principal cities. Personal service, if desired.

ONE management
ship & shore
throughout



Canadian Pacific



This is Milano No. 4445—as sportily rough as the rough on the links, but the very smoothest of smokes.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The Milano Rustic models are beautiful briars, with a sporting, outdoor look about them—cool, comfortable, companionable pipes that strike up a life-long friendship at your first puff.

Money cannot buy better pipes—simply because all Milanos are hand-fashioned of the finest briar grown.

Milano Rustics are priced from \$4.00 up; the 26 smooth models, \$3.50 up. All are insured for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

MILANO

The Insured Pipe

"It's a W.D.C."



THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 28)

Soul Fire. Richard Barthelmess as a young composer who gravitates to the depths. Except for the very end, a fine picture.

Zander the Great. Fair-to-middling melodrama, with Marion Davies as the girl who reforms the bootleggers.

The Night Club. A great many comical antics by Raymond Griffith.

My Son. Nazimova does some fine work in a mother-love drama.

The Crowded Hour. In the trenches with Bebe Daniels and Kenneth Harlan.

Recompense. Ditto, with Marie Prevost and Monte Blue.

Chickie. Dorothy Mackaill as a stenographer who craves luxury.

Proud Flesh. A good farce ruined by too many sub-titular wise-cracks.

His Supreme Moment. Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet in a tropical setting. Not so good.

Mme. Sans-Gêne. Gloria Swanson surrounded by the flower of France's aristocracy and the greatest troupe of press agents ever assembled. You can afford to pass this up.

Grass. A genuinely great picture—with no actors, no scenario and no bunk.

Charley's Aunt. Syd Chaplin in an old-fashioned farce.

The Last Laugh. Many thanks to the kind friends who have written to tell me that they enjoyed this.

Smouldering Fires. Pauline Frederick in the most intelligently constructed story that has come out of Hollywood this year.

Quo Vadis. A new version of the famous spectacle, with Emil Jannings as Nero. R. E. S.

Dumb Dora's Sister

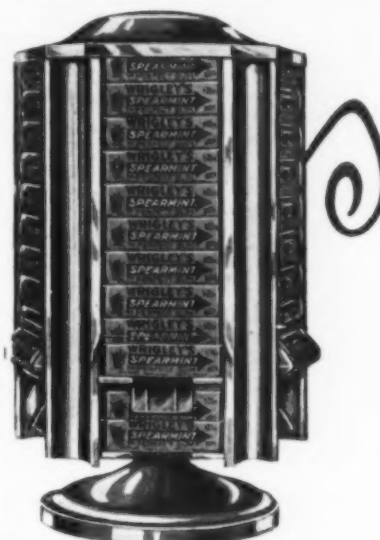
I KNOW a girl who's terribly dumb. You never saw a girl so polished in ignorance! I wouldn't call her Dumb Dora—her name's Dorothy. But, from what I gather, she must be Dora's sister.

She thinks she's clever because she can distinguish a tennis racket from other noises. She told me she thought her doctor was crazy about her because he told her she had "acute lumbago."

I had read Scott's "Ivanhoe" and told her how much I liked it. She said she thought Scott's "Emulsion" was the best thing he ever wrote. Only the other night, I took her to a fashionable restaurant, and as we were leaving the waiter said, "Thank you, come again," and she said, "Yes, and you must come out and see us some time." I nearly fell off the stool.

And, would you believe it, when the waiter brought the bowl containing warm water and a slice of lemon, she actually washed her hands in it! I put sugar in mine. H. H. W.

"How'd you come out in trig?"
"Not so bad—I was highest of all those who flunked."



The Wrigley Vendor

will be found most everywhere that confections are sold.

It is a Salesman of Cheer - of Refreshment - of long-lasting Enjoyment ~

It is a monitor that stands for Big Value for little Money.



F50

WRIGLEY'S

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

"after every meal"
The Flavor Lasts!

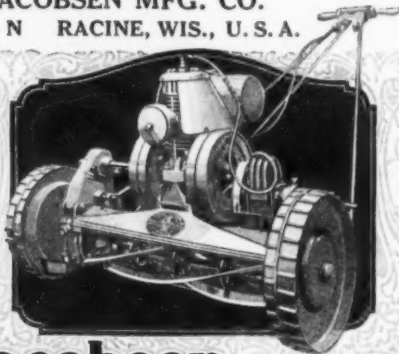
A Power Lawn Mower With Self-Sharpening Reel

THE knives of the Jacobsen Power Lawn Mower are sharpened without removal, by the power of its sturdy motor, through special reverse gears. The remarkable cutting speed is never impaired by dull knives. Does the work of four or five men with hand mowers and does it better.

Automobile type differential that permits easy steering, machine-cut gears running in oil, and other dominant features have won a preeminent place for the Jacobsen.

There's a type of Jacobsen Mower for every lawn. Demonstrations arranged without obligation. Literature on request.

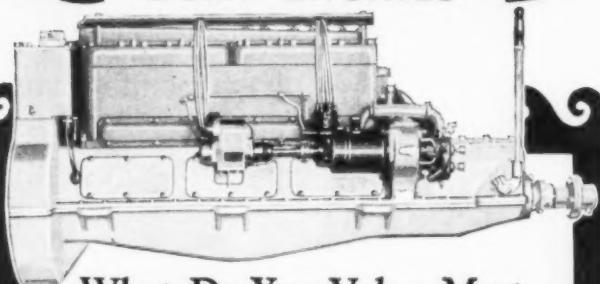
JACOBSEN MFG. CO.
Dept. N RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.



Jacobsen
Power Lawn Mowers

KERMATH

BOAT ENGINES



What Do You Value Most in a Motor?

Is it dependability? For years thousands of Kermaths have been giving dependable service to all kinds of owners everywhere.

Is it economy? Thousands of unsolicited letters tell us of unheard of and unusual economy.

Is it design? Kermath is known the world over for its simplicity of design.

Is it price? On that score, Kermath leads the world. Kermath is the most attractively priced power plant on the market.

Write for more details. There is a Kermath for every size of boat.

3 H. P. to 100 H. P. . . . \$135 to \$1450

"A Kermath Always Runs"

KERMATH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
5890 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Michigan
11 E. Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.

A Kermath Always Runs

The Luxury Cruise to the Mediterranean PALESTINE and EGYPT



A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation—Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam." Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands, (By the famous "ROTTERDAM" 5th Cruise)

Leaving New York, February 2, 1926

Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE'S own management

The "ROTTERDAM"

24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

Sixty-seven Days of Delightful Diversion

ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and the Riviera. Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe

Cruise limited to 550 guests.

American Express Co. Agents in Charge of Shore Excursions

Illustrated Folder "L" on request

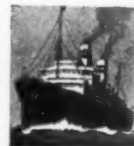
For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State Street, New York

Luxury cruise to the
WEST INDIES
26 Days
(Holland-America Line
in cooperation with the
Frank Tourist Co.)
by the Luxurious
S. S. VEENDAM
lv. New York Feb. 17, 1926

Boston, Philadelphia,
Pittsburgh, Chicago,
Minneapolis, St. Louis,
Detroit, Atlanta, Ga.,
Seattle, New Orleans,
San Francisco, Mexico
City, Montreal,
Toronto
Or any authorized
Steamship Agent



THE EMINENT ALUMNUS WHO HAS JUST GIVEN \$10,000,000 TO THE UNIVERSITY GREETES THE PROFESSOR WHO ONCE FLUNKED HIM IN ECONOMICS

Among the New Books

Fiction

Love. By Elizabeth (Doubleday, Page). The moral being "What price plastic surgery, when you are twenty-two years older than your husband?"

The George and the Crown. By Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton). Desire on the heath.

Bigger and Blacker. By Octavus Roy Cohen (Little, Brown). The author lets some of his characters loose in the motion picture game.

Ethan Quest. By Harry Hervey (Cosmopolitan). The romantic record of another man who wanted to get away from it all.

Unveiled. By Beatrice Kean Seymour (Seltzer). A well-told tale of a marriage that went upon the rocks, with a little reconnoitering as to the basis of matrimony.

The Neglected Clue. By Isabel Ostrander (McBride). The usual ingredients for a mystery stirred to the boiling point.

Moon Harvest. By Giuseppe Cautela (The Dial Press). The romance of an Italian immigrant by an Italian who is now a barber in Pershing Square.

"64-94." By R. H. Mottram (The Dial Press). The heroine of the prize-winning "The Spanish Farm" again, this time with a fine English beau.

Mockbeggar. By Laurence W. Meynell (Appleton). For those who like the epigrammatic conversation of sophisticates, and who, in point of fact, does not?

Arrowsmith. By Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace). The author's best work to date, with the medical profession as protagonist.

The Mother's Recompense. By Edith Wharton (Appleton). The title is terrible, but the text is swell.

Day of Atonement. By Louis Golding (Knopf). Splendid study of an orthodox Jew.

The Constant Nymph. By Margaret Kennedy (Doubleday, Page). Still in the lead for the honors of the season.

The Painted Veil. By W. Somerset Maugham (Doran). Press work for fear of God which is also excellent reading.

Married Alive. By Ralph Straus (Holt). The amazing metamorphosis of a woman-hater.

Face Cards. By Carolyn Wells (Putnam). Murder? And if so, how come?

Non-Fiction

Auction Bridge Summary. By Wilbur C. Whitehead (Stokes). If your game doesn't improve after you read this, you might as well go back to Mah Jong.

Edith Wharton. By Robert Morss Lovett (McBride). The second monograph in the Modern American Writers series.

How to See Modern Pictures. By Ralph M. Pearson (The Dial Press). First, and very good, aid to the layman. With charts, illustrations, and everything.

A Player Under Three Reigns. By Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson (Little, Brown). The review of a notable and interesting career.

The Life of San Martin. By Anna Schoellkopf (Boni & Liveright). Introducing many of us to the national hero of Peru.

B. L.



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

The Rover and Over Boys

(Continued from page 15)

student body followed his example, while Captain Putnam led the grateful faculty in a long cheer with the three Rover Boys on the end.

"As a fitting conclusion to this Commencement," announced Captain Putnam, "we shall hear from the Class Prophet."

"Captain Putnam, Members of the Faculty, Fellow-Students, and All My Young Readers," began Dick Rover, and hesitated.

"The Class Prophet is at a loss," put in Tom merrily, just as the shot was fired.

"I have a little volume here," continued Dick, "that contains the future of the Class of 1925. In that volume we shall meet all our old friends again, and in addition we shall learn what be-

fell our young heroes on the Western Plains, to be entitled: 'The Rover Boys in Vermont with Coolidge; Or, How Tom Helped the President Make Apple-Sauce.'"

And here let us say Good-By.
GOOD-BY.

(To be continued next week)

Good in Everything

FIRST MAN: Can you see where this crossword puzzle craze has done any good?

SECOND MAN: Good? Sure I can! Half the world knows something now it never knew before—the difference between vertical and horizontal.

FIRST MAN: Say, what is the difference, anyway?

"WHY Not
Smoke the Finest?"
—Dunhill Cigarettes.
By Appointment
to H.R.H. Prince of
Wales—and at that,
they're only a Quarter
for Twenty!



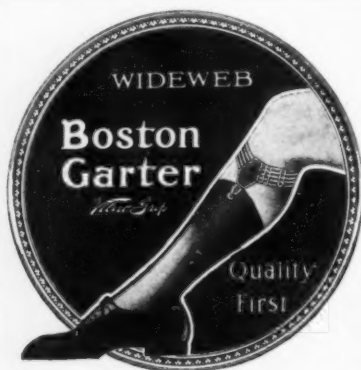
"Why not
Smoke the
Finest?"

25¢
for
Twenty

Largesse

KNOW what is mine to offer you:
A heart too faithful to be true,
A tongue too measured to be kind,
Eyes too unseeing to be blind.
And if with such you be content,
My final gift is banishment.

R. L. J.



The Boston is the only adjustable garter made without metal on face of pad—hence the Pad without a Pucker. For real service insist on having Bostons.

George Frost Company, Boston, Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses and Children

The Louvain Library Fund

Some years ago America promised the Belgian people that the Louvain Library, destroyed during the Great War, should be restored. The Belgians accepted our promise in good faith, and reconstruction began. Contributions have come from many sources, but far fewer than are needed to complete the new Library. An earnest effort must be made to make Americans realize it is their personal matter, and for our country's honor. It will be a national disgrace if America's pledge is not redeemed.

Contributions are acknowledged in LIFE about a month later. Won't you send yours?

Previously acknowledged....	\$724.00
Kirt A. Meyer, Darien, Conn.	1.00
Helen L. Moody, Cambridge, Mass.	2.00
Capt. H. M. Paul, Washington, D. C.	5.00
F. J. Carlile, Pittsfield, Mass.	25.00
	\$757.00

MR. CHAMBERLAIN BEROLZHEIMER, New York business man, is to devote himself to philanthropy. We suggest as a first step a fund for newspaper copy readers who have gone insane trying to fit his name into the headlines.

The Broadening Effect

DEAR MAWRUSS: Took in the Taj Mahal to-day. It's a dead ringer for our Bijou Dream movie palace—only bigger. A fine bunch of crooks!

ABE.

* * *

DEAR MADGE: The native girls in Pago-Pago are simply—well, my dear! By the way, if you want to trouble to shorten the skirt, you're welcome to my old blue serge. Love,

ALICE.

* * *

All the stuff you want over here, Joe, but it don't taste right. I'm making my own.

ERIC.

* * *

DEAR HENRY: The Nile cataracts are simply wonderful! Have you had that dripping tap in the kitchen sink fixed yet?

JEANETTE.

* * *

Saw some Hairy Ainus to-day, Bee. They are a very interesting race. Did I or didn't I remember to put camphor balls in my fur coat? Best love,

NELL.

* * *

Had this taken just for you, Harry. The one with my derby hat on is the Lion of Lucerne.

PAUL.

H. W. H.

If shaving leaves your skin inflamed

INGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

838 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Also Windsor, Canada

Made particularly for tender skins



The Gelska Cup

(Continued from page 16)

MISS JAFFE

Who is this Palsy that all the boys are so wild about?

MISS GORDON

Don't you know her? The toe dancer? She has graduated from both these universities more times than I can think of without making a fool of myself, and now she is trying to make Phi Beta through her art.

MISS JAFFE

Have you seen anything of "Chub" Holt?

MISS GORDON

No.

MISS JAFFE

Do you suppose this Palsy has seen anything of him?

MISS GORDON

(Starts a new book.)

Whom she has seen and the reverse makes no difference to me.

(Begins another new book.)

MISS JAFFE

(Removes her life belt.)

I don't suppose there is a chance for a game of bridge with only us three.

MISS GORDON

Three! We're only two.

MISS JAFFE

(Looks around the room.)

Well!

(She has realized that they were alone all the time. The room now gives the impression that the other girl was not there to begin with.)

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

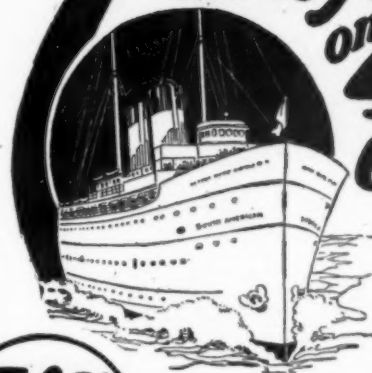
The scene of the big annual boat race. NOTE: The Gelska-Wrecking boat race is always held in a room with a private bath and the town is so crude that in nine cases out of ten the water is not running, so that the crowd has to go home not only without seeing the race, but also without having the bath. This is perhaps what keeps the play what it is. At rise of curtain, both crews are in their shells, waiting for the water to be turned on. The students and townsmen are sitting on the edge, expecting something to happen, but not very hopeful. Even the soap has not shown up. Coach Poison is giving final instructions to his crew.

COACH POISON

MEN, get to your stations and put on your life belts! There is no telling when the water will run.

(Continued on next page)

7 Days' Cruise on 4 Great Lakes and Georgian Bay



A sight-seeing De Luxe trip of over 2000 miles on Lakes Michigan, Huron, St. Claire, Erie and Georgian Bay (30,000 Islands)—stopping at all points of interest—historic Mackinac Island, the quaint Canadian village of Parry Sound, Detroit, Cleveland, with a full day at Buffalo (Niagara Falls)—a chance to gaze in wonder at the world's Greatest Cataract.

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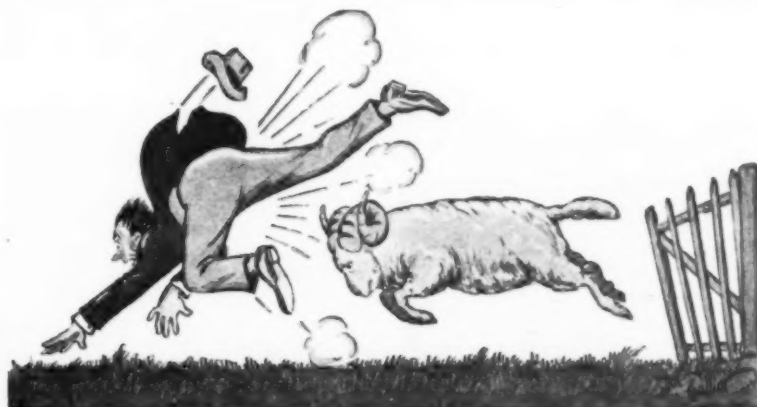
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offer you an experience similar to that of an ocean voyage, with all the comforts and luxuries of an Atlantic Liner. Promenade and Sun Decks of unusual width; large Grand Salon; commodious Lounge Rooms; Palm Garden on Observation Deck. Every opportunity for rest and relaxation. Staterooms and Parlor Rooms are all outside rooms with windows or port-holes. Excellent meals daintily served. For amusements there are Deck Games, Entertainments, Music and Dancing—something doing all the time, and a social hostess to get you acquainted.

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It gets
in between
where
decay begins!

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TOOTH BRUSH
A PRODUCT OF
RUBBERSET CO.
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45¢

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For ALL-BRIGHT TEETH

BUY IT IN THE RED BOX

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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Realizing this fact, we are offering a special service to all riders and horsemen who desire a saddle built to their own particular ideas, embodying that personal touch which makes it distinctive.

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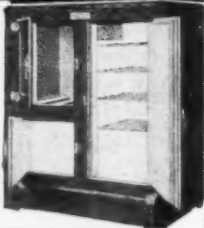
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75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct on receipt of Price

The Mothersill Remedy Co., New York



The Gelska Cup

(Continued from page 39)

NUMBER SIX

(Counting the house, which takes him only a minute.)

Can't we get a room with a shower?

CLERK IN THE HOTEL

Have you a reservation?

NUMBER SIX

(Removes his life belt.)

Yes.

CLERK IN THE HOTEL

What name?

NUMBER SIX

Wallace Pierce.

CLERK IN THE HOTEL

We have no reservation in that name. We have one in the name of "Chub" Holt.

NUMBER SIX

Have you seen anything of him?

CLERK IN THE HOTEL

No.

(The rival crews and crowd wait for a few moments and then adjourn to the Deke House, where the annual ball is held. Many of them are muttering that they won't put up with it another year.)

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

The Deke House. Several Kappa Psi seem to have got in through some trivial error; they are trying to make the best of it. The audience by this time is booing everybody.

NUMBER THREE IN THE SHELL

How did the race come out?

NUMBER FOUR

I don't know. I lost my oar.

NUMBER THREE

Did you see anything of "Chub" Holt?

NUMBER FOUR

Oh, yes. He fell out of the boat the same time as my oar.

COACH POISON

Come on, men! Get together! We must begin training for next year's race.

NUMBER SEVEN

I played baseball once at the Polo Grounds.

COACH POISON

How did you come out?

NUMBER SEVEN

(Removes his life belt.)

I'm still there.

END OF ACT V

THE great advantage of the dial system of telephoning is that it enables a man to select his own wrong numbers.

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



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Enjoy a youthful appearance of exquisite charm minus that "made up" look. A beauty so natural, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. Made in White-Flesh-Rachel

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

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Careless

SMITH: I see that Brown was arrested for stealing a chorus girl's night-gown.

JONES: You don't say! A case of criminal negligence.

THE world's most unpopular lecturer on economy—Father.

PLEASE DON'T THROW AWAY THE BROKEN PIECES, PUT THEM TOGETHER WITH

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For repairing china, glassware, bric-a-brac, meerschaum; tipping billiard cues. Rubber and Leather Cements. ALL THREE KINDS, 20c. per bottle at dealers.



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Time to Re-tire
Get a Fisk
Trade Mark Reg.
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Where roads are rough or loads are heavy

The extra ply, the extra thick and extra tough red tread have brought fame to the Fisk Red-Top Tire

As others tell the story

Okla. "I have this day taken off my car one Red-Top tire I have run 3 years, 1 month, 6 days. I have a country practice."

Ky. "The roads are very bad here. I have sold Fisk Red-Tops for over two years without one complaint."

Neb. "We have been in the tire business for 14 years and the best friend-getter we ever handled is the Fisk Red-Top."

Miss. "Three and one-half years ago I bought a Red-Top tire. I have run it on three different Fords and am running it yet."

Wisc. "Red-Tops are giving better mileage and better satisfaction than any other tires sold in this territory."

Colo. "I have known the Red-Top to outlast two and in one or two instances three of other makes of tires."

N. Y. "Our Sales on Fisk Red-Top tires have increased 450%. They have a tremendous repeat value."

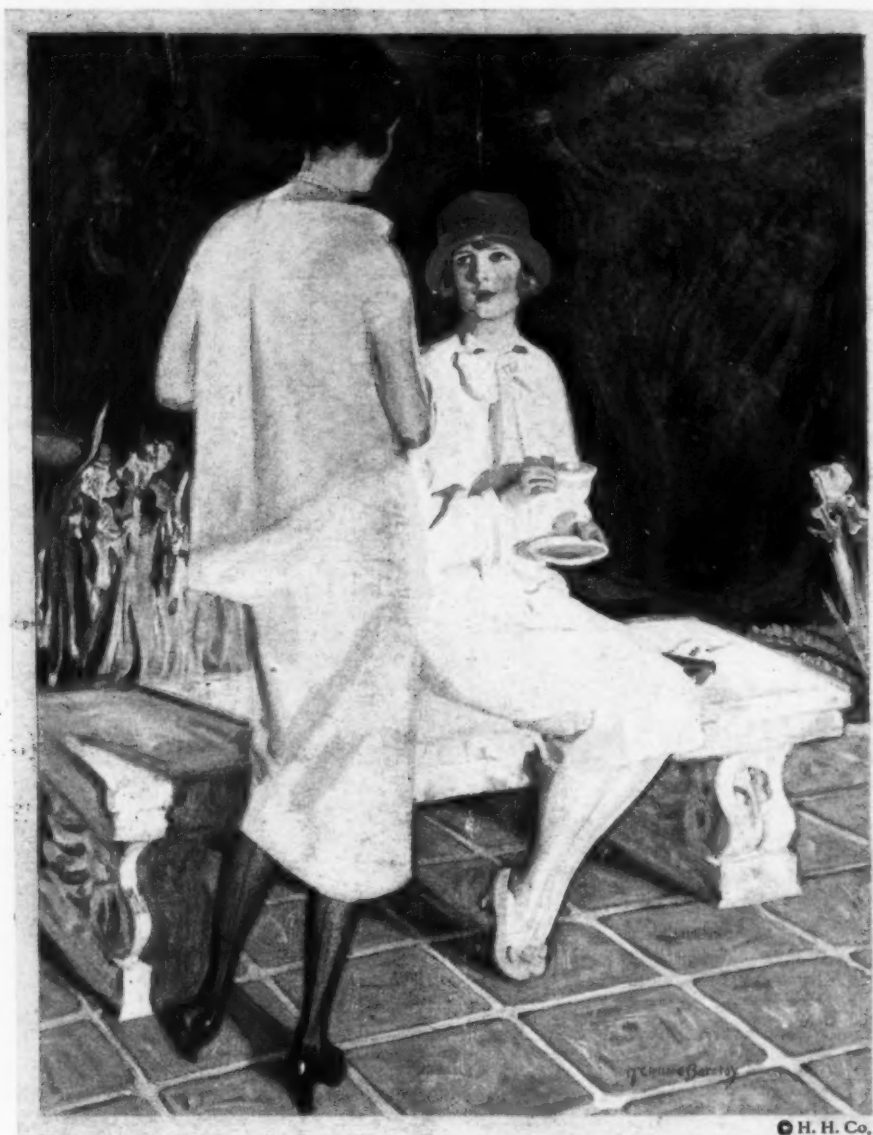
Ohio. "We find their popularity constantly gaining and as you look around the city it looks as though they lead all others."

Wash. "Our sales records tell us one Red-Top sells another."

The Fisk big mileage records are never advertised but it is doubtful if any tire can show as many under adverse conditions as the Red-Top

The Fisk Red-Top is made in the following sizes

30 x 3 30 x 3 1/2 32 x 4 1/2 30 x 5 33x5



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Full-fashioned?—of course, and semi-fashioned, too, with seamed back and fashioned marks. Weights range from gossamer chiffon through every grade for every occasion. Always with quality which prevents disappointment. No uneven texture, threads or knots. Prices? Moderate—surprisingly so! If you're the practical woman who wants the most her money can buy, visit your *Holeproof* dealer.

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